



Here's Something New

No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor.

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is solid complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood the Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel, "The Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon.

Up-To-Date Gas Attachments

This Range can be had with the latest and most improved Elevated or End Gas Range attachments. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of oven as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided.

At Least One-half of All Glenwoods, Are Sold through the enthusiastic recommendation of a satisfied user.

Cabinet Glenwood

Reynolds & Son, Barre

STRATEGY

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"I want one of you men for a special service," said the sergeant, coming into the station excitedly. "There's been a robbery in the city in which a storekeeper was shot dead. The robber carried a bundle under his arm and after spending a few minutes in the back of the store came out in a policeman's uniform. Later some people went into the store, found the safe robbed of \$2,000 and the storekeeper dead. They saw the robber go in and were puzzled to see him come out as one of us. He's been seen out on the Blimerton road."

The sergeant stopped a moment for breath, then, turning to me, said: "Henshaw, mount and ride out on Baker street till you come to the fountain, leave your horse in the stable near by, walk back by the Blimerton road and see if you can't meet him. Pretend you don't know him and take him by strategy. If he's gone for in the regular way he'll dodge us. You can do it."

I obeyed my order, which was given me because I had done some neat jobs in just such fashion and had been told by the sergeant that he'd rather have me go for a man alone than twenty others together. Sometimes I worked in plain clothes, but in this case I saw like a flash that I could do much better in uniform. I hadn't been on the Blimerton road ten minutes before I saw a cop some distance away walking toward me. He was coming along with the deliberate tread of a roundsmen on his beat and so like the real thing that I dared not hope he was the man I was after.

But I noticed as soon as he caught sight of me he began to swing his club as we often do when patrolling. It gave him away, since it indicated a bit of nervousness on seeing a policeman. I walked on, pretending to see something interesting to my right, stopped, peered at the imaginary object for a few minutes, as though I had struck something that might require a policeman's attention, then went on.

When I and my man met I stopped and asked carelessly if he had passed any one of the force. He was perfectly cool, but I knew well he was the man wanted. He told me he had met two roundsmen back a short distance going rapidly, as though something was in the wind; that he had asked if they wished his services and they had told him to stick to his beat and keep his eyes open, but that if he met one of the force he should send him after them.

"You're very foxy," I said in my mind, "but I'm out running myself for some one more stupid than I." "I think I know what they're after," I said to the man. "There's been a murder and robbery committed in the city. I think they're looking for the person that did it. We get no thanks for helping those on a scout, and I'm not going after them. But I wonder why they told you to keep a lookout here. This is no place to expect that party."

"Don't know, but I must be getting on. Mornin'."

But he dare not trust me with his back turned toward me. He went half sidling and half backing for a few yards, keeping me in sight, and I believed he had a revolver concealed in his right sleeve.

"What do you say?" I said to him. "To going into the saloon on the corner for a glass?"

and he was not successful. Finally, seeing that to refuse he must walk on with his back to me, rather than give me such an advantage, he said he'd go to the saloon, though he pretended he feared to be reported.

We walked across the road side by side and up the street to the saloon. At the door I gave way for him to enter first, but he was not to be outdone in politeness, refusing point blank to expose his back, so I, who felt a reasonable certainty that I was in no danger from him, passed in first.

We stood up at the bar. I asked my brother policeman what he would have and gave the order. We faced a large mirror and could both see our faces in it. I noticed that my man never took his eyes from my reflection for a moment. Whether he suspected me or not I didn't know, but I did know that he realized that he was losing precious moments. The longer I kept him not only the more likelihood was there that he would be taken, but the more nervous he became.

I knew that there would be one moment when he would be obliged to take his eyes off my reflection; that was when he poured out his liquor. He needed a bracer or I believe he would have made some excuse to decline to drink. I noticed when he took up the bottle his hand trembled. Not till the fluid began to go from the bottle to the glass did he lower his eye, and then only for two or three seconds. But they were all I wanted.

I clutched his right arm and shook it violently. His weapon dropped to the floor, and I planted my foot on it. Then I put both arms around him and held him in a bear hug.

The rest was easy. I told the barkeeper to telephone for the police, but before they came I had released my hold and drawn my club. By this time my man had given up and submitted to the bracelets.

Honesty Extraordinary. A traveler writing in an Italian magazine says that the Swiss canton of Ticino is inhabited by the most honest folk it is possible to imagine. In most of the Ticinese villages, the writer says, the oldest inhabitants do not remember any case of thieving, however petty, within a lifetime. Lost objects when found must never be taken away; they must be left where they were dropped or placed in a conspicuous position so that the rightful owner can find his property more easily. The case is cited of an American woman tourist who lost her purse on an excursion in the Val Caprina. The purse contained gold coin and a jeweled watch. Upon returning from her trip she found the purse with its contents intact on a little heap of leaves, so placed that it could not fail to attract her attention.—New York Sun.

The Parsees of India. It was at a point near the ancient city of Surat that the Parsees first obtained refuge in that country, and they have used it ever since. Today the Parsees are the leading commercial nation of India.

Told Him in Few Words. A man once wrote to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the famous preacher, saying that he had heard he smoked and could not believe it to be true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so? The reply was: "Dear Sir—I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

NESTS IN COLONIES.

Homes of the African Grackles as Big as a Native's Hut.

The biggest bird's nest in the world, not excepting the stork's, is built by the African grackle. It is really 100 nests or more bound together with strands of interwoven sticks, vines and clumps of coarse grass, and is not built by a single pair of birds, but by a colony of them. It is of such enormous size that at a little distance it is often mistaken for one of the native huts built in the trees so frequently found in wild tropical countries where man, animals and birds, and the only way to sleep in safety is to "roost high."

The birds usually select a thorn tree, probably because of the protection afforded by the sharp, long thorns against marauders. All around the nest the roof of sticks, thatched with dry grass, projects to let the rain run off. A deep fringe of grass hangs from this cornice like a curtain to keep out any stray drops. These great nests are added to from year to year, each pair of mated birds building on the main nest. Sometimes the nest becomes too heavy, and the branch breaks or the great mass of sticks falls to the ground, destroyed by its own weight. The grackle is no larger than an English sparrow and just as gregarious.—New York Press.

A Child Wonder. "What a wonderful memory your child has for names and faces!" "Yes," replied the proud mother. "She never fails to recognize any of her former stepfathers."—Judge.

True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.—Pliny.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter, Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. COCKRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

JAIL NEGRO IN TURNER CASE

And Detectives Say They'll Not Seek Any One Else

HENRY GRAHAM CAUGHT

After a Day's Hunt in an Auto All Around Lakewood—Was Drinking From Well in Pines When Mrs. Turner Passed, It Is Said.

Lakewood, N. J., May 1.—With his hands shackled and closely guarded by several men, Henry Graham, a Lakewood negro, was whirled into Toms River, N. J., in an automobile Saturday night and lodged in jail as a material witness in the murder of Mrs. Charles Turner, whose body was found Friday in the pine forests of Lakewood.

Graham was captured after a hunt which continued all yesterday. The negro's path at times led through the densest forest of pines. Then Graham would twist and double on his trail, running across sandy roads and through swamps and fields.

Prosecutor Brown of Ocean county took up Graham's trail Saturday morning when he received word that Graham was the last person who had seen Mrs. Turner alive. He learned that when Mrs. Turner left her home on Wednesday afternoon and started for the Homestead sanitarium to deliver some embroidered waists she had made, that she took a path leading along the border of the pines.

Graham is alleged to have been seen walking behind her and Prosecutor Brown says that he stopped in a house and asked for a drink of water. Prosecutor Brown accompanied by a detective from the Burns agency and Sheriff A. W. Brown, hurried to Graham's home in Meadow street, Lakewood, only to learn from his wife that he had left town. She did not know where he had gone, she said.

The chase after Graham began with the break of dawn yesterday, the prosecutor, sheriff and detective in the touring car. The pursuers were not long in getting track of Graham, but the trail was lost time and again. More than once he was followed into woods. Then men in wagons reported having seen a negro answering his description a ride.

The horror of the murder so aroused the men of Monmouth county that a posse was formed there Saturday. It was the Monmouth county posse that learned of a negro in the swamps near Englishtown. The swamp was surrounded and Graham made prisoner. Just as the prosecutor and his companions came tearing up in the automobile.

Graham was captured thirty-five miles from the scene of the crime. With his winding in and out of the woods, retracing his steps and lodging from highway road to secluded path, he probably traveled twice this distance, but he did not appear exhausted. The Monmouth county posse quickly transferred the negro to Mr. Brown's automobile and it was headed for Toms River jail.

PUPIL AND TEACHER ELOPE.

Second Romance of Chelsea High School to Be Announced in Two Days.

Boston, May 1.—There was surprise in Chelsea Saturday when word was received of the marriage of Miss Anna Leslie Wells, a teacher in the Prattville school, to Kenneth Bell, a member of the senior class of the Chelsea high school and the star end of last season's football team. They eloped to Concord during the Easter vacation. Shortly before her departure, Miss Wells resumed.

Mrs. Bell said Saturday that her son will not return to school, but will remain with his bride in Plymouth, N. H.

Friday news was received for the first time of the elopement in 1909 of Herbert White and Miss Hazel McLellan, both pupils of the Chelsea high school. White, like Bell, was an athlete.

Magazine Review.

A Prayer for a Country Community.

In the May American Magazine the following letter is published:

"I see that Professor Rauschenbusch says, in the preface to 'For God and the People,' that he will welcome suggestions from anyone. As one who has been greatly helped by these prayers as published month by month in your magazine, I would like, through you to suggest a proper for a country community. It might run something like this:

"Our Father, we invoke Thy blessing on every member of this community. We thank Thee for the opportunities for helpful work and simple living which life in the country affords us. Help us to take full advantage of them. Grant that we may appreciate the privilege we enjoy in living and working in the midst of the natural beauties with which Thou hast filled the earth. May our sense of this beauty not be dulled by use, nor our work become a monotonous, sold-deadening round, but may our beautiful surroundings be to us new every morning and fresh every evening. Give to the farmers of this country a realizing sense of the blessing they enjoy in being masters of themselves in their daily labor. Give them, too, breadth of mind to realize the basic importance of the service they perform for Thy great family of humanity, and to seek ever new and better methods of work, that they may make their service of the greatest benefit."

"Save the women of the country from the physical strain of overwork, and from the nervous strain of loneliness and isolation. Put into the hearts of the men of their families a willingness to lighten their daily burden of toil by the supply of labor-saving conveniences and by thoughtful consideration. May their labor be sweetened by the spirit of love, and ennobled by the consciousness of the great service to the world

they may perform in faithfully following their monotonous round of daily drudgery."

The Influence of Climate on American Art.

"The character and climate of a country, the particular quality of its air and light, play no small part in the destinies of its people—hence the natural interest in landscape painting. Bernard Shaw attributes the stoginess of the English and the brilliancy of the Irish to their respective climates, which is more than a whimsical thrust at the impenetrable London fogs," says J. Nilsen Laurvik in Woman's Home Companion for May. "An Eminent modern historian has recently made out an interesting case against the intense, nerve-racking light of Greece as a prime cause of the early decadence of this race, and I have long contended that the dominant traits of American character—its delicate, high-strung, nervous energy and alert restlessness—are directly traceable to the intense, penetrating brilliancy of the light here, which has a greater actinic quality than that of any other country in the world, save Greece perhaps and certain other points on the Mediterranean. The ultra-violet ray, always dominant, predominates here to an unusual degree. It may be said to be the color of America, which is gradually being revealed to us by our present-day progressive landscape painters, who are interpreting the color and character of our country with increasing truthfulness."

Washing Dry Lands.

In an irrigated country no alkali may show on the surface for many years. Indeed the nature of the soil may be such that the water from the surface is carried away by a natural system of sub-surface drainage, but in most sections the constant irrigation gradually fills the land up with moisture until the alkali water coming up meets the surface water coming down and the whole is impregnated with deadly chemical. The solution at first is so weak that no harm results but gradually the water from below is bringing up more and more of the alkali till at last the whole is nothing less than a strong solution of calcium sulphate. Even now it may not do any harm, because the natural drainage facilities may be such that the water flow is from above and the alkali may never reach the roots of the crops. But in these bottom lands the constant water level is sometimes only a few inches from the top of the ground which is usually a thick white crust, because of the constant deposit of alkali from below.

A flat like this is meat for the drainage engineer. Any man can buy, or at least he could a few months ago, this land for next to nothing. He takes out the laundryman, as we may call the drainage man, and has an estimate of cost of washing and the plans for it made. The engineer clad in khaki and hip boots runs levels here and there across the land and decides on the most economical plan of washing. The ditching machine is sent for and the ditch is dug and the tile laid. If the ground is very hard it is roughed up with a disk harrow so that the water will not run over the surface but will sink in. Then the water is turned on and the laundering begins. The whole area is thoroughly flooded until the water stands on the surface. It is then left to drain. When the flow of water from the outlet of the tile indicates that the land is drained it is flooded again and again. Then it is planted to some shallow-rooted crop as corn or alfalfa for the first year. An orchard may be set out at once but it is the better plan to wait a year. After the first crop the land may be said to be rid of alkali sufficiently for all practical purposes. This land is now worth whatever good irrigated land is worth in that community. The plan is so childishly simple and yet there are thousands of acres lying along the river valleys of the southwest that may yet be reclaimed.—From "Washing Lands to Make New Farms" in May Technical World Magazine.

Do not use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene with GOLD DUST

GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form.

The GOLD DUST Twins need no outside help. No matter what you wish to clean—dishes, clothes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, refrigerator, bath room or what not, GOLD DUST alone will do all the work—and do it better than anything else.

More than that, GOLD DUST will do all the hard part of the work without your help, saving your strength and temper.

GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.

GOLD DUST is sold in 50 size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.



Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake

In Woman's Realm.

Rock ammonia and boiling water will remove grease spots from clothes.

Alcohol pure will remove any kind of spots from any material in silk or wool without leaving circles, as do most of all other cleaning fluids.

The home dressmaker should keep her pin cushion attached to her wrist. It should be a small, soft cushion, attached to a wide elastic band which will fit around the left wrist. She will not then have to stop work continually to look for a pin.

A cotton flannel bag made with a shirr-string at the top, and large enough to cover the lower end of the broom, is excellent for sweeping hardwood or painted floors. This saves scratching the floor. Moisten the bag before sweeping, says St. John Telegraph.

For cleaning jewelry, there is nothing better than ammonia and water. If very dull or dirty, rub a little soap on a soft brush and brush them in this wash, rinse in cold water, dry first in an old handkerchief and then rub with buck or chamios skin. Tried by many and considered excellent.

If a cotton rug is to be washed, it is generally of such proportions and thickness that it cannot be wrung. Lay it on a smooth, inclined floor or table and go over it with an ordinary rolling pin, rolling it as you would dough, says the Commoner. This will force the water out without wrinkling the rug, and it will dry much quicker.

Lemon Sauce—Two cups boiling water, two tablespoons cornstarch, half a cup (or more if liked sweeter) sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, two tablespoons butter, one lemon (grated rind and juice). The stiffly beaten egg white

makes a nice addition, but it is not at all necessary. Serve with plain boiled rice for dessert or with puddings.

Hiding One's Cares.

"The wise woman," says the Springfield Union, "keeps her griefs to herself and shows a brave face to the world."

"She knows that whatever pity the world may give is of the perfunctory order, which she does not want. She keeps her own secrets, makes no needless enemies, tries to forget disagreeables by devoting herself to the pleasant things of life, and lives, really lives each day."

"It is wholesome to get out into the world, to meet people, to hear new things. That is keeping abreast of the times and is the only method ever discovered for perpetuating youth."

Mrs. Adeline K. Lewison, who is suing New York hairdressers for \$20,000 because they have turned her hair green, probably wishes she had left her hair the color nature intended it. She claims that fright during the San Francisco earthquake caused it to turn white. When she came to New York and consulted hairdressers, they told her they could dye her hair a most beautiful black and began the treatment. Instead of black, her gray hair turned green, and her face became seriously inflamed. She consulted a physician and he told her she had a bad case of poisoning from the dye, and that only her perfect physical condition saved her from serious consequences. The defendants assert that they are in no way to blame for Mrs. Lewison's condition, as she agreed to assume whatever damage there might be to her hair or skin. Dorothy Dexter.

7-20-4
Largest selling brand of 10c cigars in the world—ENOUGH SAID. Factory, Manchester, New Hampshire.

MARK TWAIN'S WORKS at 1/2

25 VOLUMES

the Former Price

The humor, the philosophy, the humanity, the gentle kindness of Mark Twain counteract the strain of our intense American life.

Every American Needs His Mark Twain.

Because—

His great books afford the relaxation which is absolutely necessary for every busy man and woman.

Because—

They make one realize the joy of living.

Because—

They keep a keen edge on one's faculties.

Because—

These 25 volumes include the best travel books published, with most entertaining descriptions of places of interest all over the world.

Because—

They are wonderful character builders: they stand for straightforwardness, honesty and sincerity.

Because—

They enable one to make Mark Twain's intimate knowledge of human nature and knowledge of life part of one's mental equipment—for all time.

Because—

They afford the best way—short of years of experience—to learn these things which are real. One may benefit by the author's rich experience—use his powers of observation—learn human nature through his pages.

Because—

The reading of his books will give one more genuine pleasure, and more real, intellectual enjoyment than anything else money can buy.

Because—

The new Author's National Edition of his works makes it possible for you now to secure

All Mark Twain's Works

At 1/2 the Former Price

Send for this book

and full particulars about Mark Twain's Works

It will cost you nothing

You are invited

to use this coupon